

LEADER-HAUGHS  
AND  
YARROW.

To which is added,  
2 *THE WINDSOR LADY.*



Alnwick Printed, 1793.



## Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

**W**HEN Phœbus bright the azure skies  
 with golden rays enlighteneth,  
 He makes all natures beauties rise,  
 herbs, trees and flowers he quickeneth:  
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,  
 and with delight goes thorow  
 With radiant beams and silver streams,  
 are Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night,  
 in equal length divideth,  
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,  
 nae langer he abideth.  
 Then Flora queen with mantle green,  
 casts aff her former sorrow  
 And vows to dwell with Ceres fell  
 in Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,  
 And shepherds him attending,  
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
 the hills and haughs commending;

With cur and kent upon the bent,  
 Sing to the sun good morrow.  
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yield  
 Than Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,  
 surmounting my describing,  
 With rooms sa' rare and windows fair,  
 like Dedalus' contriving  
 Men passing by, do often cry,  
 in sooth it hath no marrow;  
 It stands as sweet on Leader side,  
 as Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
 they'll hear the mavis singing,  
 Into St Leonards banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging;  
 The lintwhite loud, and progae proud,  
 with tuneful throats and narrow,  
 Into St Leonards banks they sing,  
 as sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,  
 with nimble wing she sporteth,  
 By vows she'll flee far frae the tree  
 where Philomel resorteth  
 By break of day the lark can say,  
 I'll bid you a good morrow,

I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing,  
O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Park, wanton waws and wooden cleugh,  
the east and western Mainfes,  
The wood of Lauders fair enough,  
the corns are good in blainches.  
Where aits are fine, and fald be kind,  
That if ye search all thorow,  
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are  
than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn mill bog and Whitflade shaws,  
the fearful hare she haunteth,  
Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,  
and Cnaple-wood frequenteth,  
Yet when she irks to Kaidfly birks  
she rins and sighs for sorrow,  
That she should leave sweet Leader haughs  
and cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad we hear,  
than hound and beigles crying?  
The started hare rins hard with fear,  
Upon her speed relying,  
But yet her strength it fails at length,  
nae beilding can she borrow,  
In Sorrel's field, Clockman or Hag's,  
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,  
 with sight and scene pursue her,  
 Till ah ! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunning can rescue her:  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,  
 She'll run the fields all thorow,  
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-haugh,  
 and bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erflington and Cowdon-knows,  
 where Homes had anes commanding:  
 And Drygrange with thy milk white ewes,  
 'twixt Tweed and Leader standing:  
 The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,  
 and Gledswood banks ilk morrow  
 May chant and sing, sweet Leader-haugh  
 and bonny Howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage  
 his grief, while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 that fleeting time procureth;  
 For many a place stands in hard case,  
 where blyth fowk ken nae sorrow,  
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,  
 and Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

The Windsor Lady:

**I**N Windsor's famous town did dwell  
A maiden Lady, who did excell  
All other maidens in that place,  
For sparkling eyes and charming face,  
She was fair, she was kind,  
Still she bore a virtuous mind.

She had her fortune in her hand,  
Ten thousand pounds in cash and land,  
Such fortune many sweethearts brought,  
But she reply'd, I have no thought

For to wed, I'll tell you why,

Men are false, a maid I'll die.

But at length to her did come,

A brisk young lad, a squire's son,  
Who vow'd he lov'd her as his life,  
And woo'd her for to be his wife.

But she cry'd, stand you by,

For a maid I'll live and die.

At her repulse they all gave o'er,

I am sure there was half a score;

A Lieutenant to her since came,

Who in the wars had many slain,

Lately fair, he would cry,

Love me, love me or I die,

Sir, said the lad, I do find,

You are a murd'rer of mankind,

To kill is your business 'tis true,

Ne'er let a woman than kill you,

O! for shame, serve your King,

Let not love in wars be seen.

I could take a castle or storm a fort,  
In milder terms I do you court;  
'Tis tender love I do impart;

If you deny you will break my heart.

Ha! Ha! Ha! the lady cry'd,

For love I ne'er saw a soldier die.

O, dear Madam pray say not so,  
My love is real you shall know,  
By you, Madam, my heart is slain,  
There's none but you can cure my pain.

Ha! Ha! Ha! the lady cry'd,

For love I ne'er saw a soldier die.

The lieutenant at this did rave,  
And cry'd dear Madam, I'm your slave,  
Then took a pistol and did say,  
This shall end my life this day,

Welcome death, welcome grave,

None but you my life can save,

Oh Sir 'tis not worth your while,  
For love of me your life beguile,  
No, keep your gun and go your way,  
'Twill serve in the field another day,

Ha! Ha! Ha! the lady cry'd,

For love I ne'er saw a soldier die.

Then out of the room she run,  
And left her lover with a gun,  
Which he immediately did place,  
The barrel just against his breast,  
Then let fly, and bounce it went,  
The lady scream'd with discontent.

( 8 )

Then straight into the room she ran,  
And saw he had his bus'ness done;  
For he lay bleeding on the floor,  
And she for help cry'd o'er and o'er,  
Haste and fly or he'll die,  
Bring a Surgeon speedily.  
Then she laid her on the ground,  
Gently wiping of his wound,  
And with weeping eyes did say,  
Heaven save my love this day,  
If he lives, I'm I'll have,  
Or will follow him to the grave.  
The Surgeon at that then reply'd,  
Tell him that death I'd rather die,  
Than if he lives, weep no more,  
Since you love him happy sure,  
For he's your life can save,  
and I'm lov'd by all I crave.  
Since providence has taken such care,  
Of my dear love, let me to spare,  
And now the wedding day is nigh,  
For the future I'll not cry,  
But I'll thank the dear care,  
That your love should be paid.  
In a garden where they were wed,  
And flowers all the way were spread,  
And fountains danc'd too had they,  
With music and dancing all the day;  
And at last the feast was o'er,  
They had pleasure more and more.  
F I N I S.